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Poetical.

Our Isola Bella.

A wonderful stream is the river of Time,
As it runs through the realms of tears,
With a faultless rhythm and a musical rhyme,
With a broader sweep and a surge sublime,
And blends with the ocean of years.

There's a musical isle up the river Time,
Where the softest of airs are playing;
There's a cloudless sky and a tropical clime,
And a song as sweet as a vesper chime,
And the tunes with the roses are staying.

And the name of this isle is the Long Ago;
And we bury our treasures there;
There are brows of beauty and bosoms of snow;
There are heaps of dust but we love them so,
There are trinkets and tresses of hair.

There are fragments of song that nobody sings,
And a part of an infant's prayer;
There's a lute unswept, and a harp without strings,
There are broken vows and pieces of rings,
And the garments she used to wear.

There are hands that are waved when the fairy shore,
By the mirage is lifted in air;
And we sometimes hear thro' the turbulent roar,
Sweet voices we heard in the days gone before,
When the wind down the river is fair.

Oh! remembered for aye be the blessed isle,
All the day of life till night!
And when evening comes with the beautiful smile,
And our eyes are closed to slumber awhile,
May that "greenwood" of soul be in sight!

Miscellaneous.

Light in a Dark Place.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

There are men who get into the habit of looking only upon the shadowed side of things. They fret themselves with gloomy forebodings. They prophesy evil continually. And when days of darkness come, as come they do in all lives, they sit down and say that there will never be sunlight again.

Mr. Watson was one of this class—a brooding, silent man, whose presence in his family was always felt as the shadow of a cloud that hid the pleasant sunshine. Mrs. Watson, in the beginning of their married life, had been of a cheerful temper, but easily taking the aspect of what was around her, had gradually changed, until her mind was as dark-hued as that of her husband. Little things fretted them, and so life became made up of a series of petty annoyances.

This was not a genial home for children, though children came pressing into it, and filling its dim chambers with discord instead of music. They did not grow beautiful, like healthy plants open to the sunshine, but mentally deformed, for lack of pure air, warmth, and culture.

And as there came new causes of gloom to the mind of Mr. Watson, in forebodings as to the future of his children; and, in truth, the promise was by no means flattering.—The oldest boy was passionate and self-willed; the second child, a girl, fretful and annoyed with everything that did not flow smoothly; the third of the brood, a perfect little outlaw in his propensity to invade the rights of every member of the family; and the baby, so fond of showing the strength of her lungs, that she cried through nearly all her waking hours.

One night, late in Autumn, Mr. and Mrs. Watson sat alone, their children, after an unusually discordant time, having been whipped all round, baby included, and put to bed. Mrs. Watson had her sewing in her hands, and was bending close down over her work, as if in the effort to lessen the capacity of her bosom for trouble, while her husband sat a little turned from her, in moody abstraction.

'I sometimes wish they'd never been born,' said Mr. Watson, giving vent to his feelings in a low, monotonous tone of voice.—'There's little chance of their coming to any good. I never saw such children. John's passionate temper will be certain to plunge him, as a man, into scenes of violence; and as for Dick, unless a miracle prevent, he'll turn out a thief or a robber. He has no respect for the rights or property of others.'

Mrs. Watson answered only by a long, deep sigh, as she bent still lower over her work.

'That Martin is going to cheat me, I believe, after all.' Mr. Watson's thoughts were running in a new direction.

'You don't think so!' His wife raised her sober face, and turned towards him.

'I do think so. I trusted him like a brother, and unless I am greatly mistaken, he is about playing me false, like a villain.'

'How much is he indebted to you now?'

'Over six thousand dollars; and if I lose that sum, there's no hope for me. I shall go down like a man thrown helpless in mid ocean.'

'What a hard thing it is to live in this world! sighed Mrs. Watson. 'If one were but safely out of it!'

'Or, if we had never been born,' said her husband. 'It is nothing but disappointments, sorrow, and pain, from the cradle to the grave. And if all ended there, we might grope on to the end, and then lie down in eternal rest. But there is a still deeper mystery involved in the life beyond than there is in this. Who can know, with any certainty, his state in the future. This preacher tells us one thing, and that preacher another, directly opposite; so that, if both be right, all men must go to perdition.'

They had been talking in this way for some time, when the bell rang. A servant came back from the door to say that one of their neighbors had called in and wished to see Mrs. Watson.

'Poor Mrs. Jenkins is dying,' said the neighbor, as the two women met. 'and I've called to ask you to go over with me.'

'Dying!' The face of Mrs. Watson grew pale.

'Yes. Poor woman! she's had a hard time in this world, and I hope she'll find a better one on the other side of death's dark river.'

'What is to become of her little Ellen?'

'Heaven knows,' replied the neighbor.

'Has she no relatives to whom the child can be sent?'

'None that I ever heard of. I think she stands entirely alone in the world. But time is passing, Mrs. Watson, and the flickering candle of her life may go out at any moment.'

'Wait a moment, until I get my shawl and hood.' And Mrs. Watson left her neighbor and ran up stairs. She was back in a minute, and the two women repaired to the humble abode of their dying neighbor. Ellen, the child to whom reference has been made, was only three years old. She was the widow's all in this world. They found her nestling close to her mother, whose white, shadowy hand was toying with the golden curls that lay in masses about her face. It was plain, at a glance, that only a few sands in the glass of life remained, and that the dying mother was so far away from mortal consciousness as to be freed from the pangs of separation. And so she died—died without one appeal for love and protection for the tender, precious being she was leaving behind her alone in the world.

There was no attempt to remove Ellen from the arm of her mother until life ceased to struggle for mastery over the heart. Then Mrs. Watson lifted her tenderly away; and as she did so, the child put her arms about her neck and laid her head down, trustingly, on her bosom, through which a motherly impulse ran like a new vital warmth.

'Poor, motherless child!' sobbed the really tender-hearted woman. 'Poor, motherless little one!'

'What shall we do with her?' asked the neighbor, in a tone of doubt.

'I will run home with her and keep her for to night,' replied Mrs. Watson.

'You've a houseful of your own.'

'I know; but we can make room for one more."

'It will be true charity,' said the neighbor.

So Mrs. Watson ran home with the little girl in her arms. Ellen was already asleep when she entered the room where her husband sat moodily before the grate.

'Poor Mrs. Jenkins is dead!' she exclaimed, in a low but excited tone.

'Dead!' Her husband repeated the words in a half bewildered manner.

'Yes; she passed, just now, to the better world, and I've brought this motherless little one home to keep her until to-morrow. Oh, John! it would have made your heart ache could you have seen what I did—this child lying upon the bosom of her dead mother.' And tears fell over Mrs. Watson's cheeks.

'Was there no one but you to take her! It seems to me, that of all others, you should have been spared this part of the business.' Mr. Watson's voice was cold and fretful.—'We've trouble enough with our own children.'

'I shall only keep her for to-night.' was replied to this ungracious welcome of the little orphan.

'To night! Yes; I see. Pray what will you do with her to-morrow morning?' Mr. Watson's thoughts, ever suspicious of something wrong, were pushing queries as to the disposition of Ellen, already, into the future.

'There's no time to think of to-morrow, John,' Mrs. Watson rejoined, with some feeling. 'Our duty, to-night, is to shelter this child, and let us do that duty as cheerfully as possible.' And saying this, she went up stairs with the unconscious sleeper in her arms, and placed her in bed alongside of one of her own children. She then stood looking down at the calm, sweet face, on which not a line of sorrow had yet been drawn, until her eyes were blinded by tears.

'Who's taken the child?' she heard asked of one neighbor by another, as she re-entered the chamber where, a little while before, a spirit had arisen from its mortal investure.

'Mrs. Watson,' was the reply that came to her ears.

'I'm glad of that. She's a kind-hearted woman, and the little orphan will get a good home.'

'I don't suppose that she means to keep her. She has a house full of her own.'

'One more will make little difference. I know something of Mrs. Watson's heart; and if she has the child for to-night, my word for it, she has her for good and all. Who else is there to take her? No one in this town.'

The room was filled with women, who had come in on hearing of Mrs. Jenkins' death; and so, seeing that her presence there would be of little use, Mrs. Watson quietly retired, and ran back to her home. The neighbor's conclusion in the case weighed a little heavily on her mind. Nothing could have been further away than the thought of adopting the child; but what was she to do with her on the morrow? She could not be sent back to remain in her old home, for she and her mother had been its only inmates. What was to be done with her on the day after to morrow, and on the days after that? There was the Poor House. But even the remote suggestion of that came like a shock to the feelings of Mrs. Watson. She found her husband walking the floor of their sitting-room, on her return, his face even more shadowed than when she left him but a little while before.

'Look here, Ruth,' said he, pausing in his walk, and turning full upon her, 'what are you going to do with that child, to-morrow? Tell me that.'

Now, Mr. Watson could not have asked his wife a more perplexing question, nor one likely to bring a less satisfactory answer.

'It will be time enough to meet that question when to-morrow comes,' she replied, trying to put a cheerful face on the matter. Her husband looked at her for a few moments with heavily knit brows, and then resumed his walk. Mrs. Watson went up stairs to lay aside her shawl, and to take a glance at the sleeping children. The only child really looked at with interest, however, was the little stranger.

'Poor child! Poor motherless one!' The heart of Mrs. Watson moved on her lips.—'What is to become of you in this selfish, cruel world?'

'I don't mean to blame you, Ruth,' said her husband, when she came down. 'But still, you were wrong to bring that child here. Why didn't you let some other neighbor take her home? We'll never get rid of her, unless we send her to the Almshouse.'

'Wait, John—wait, replied Mrs. Watson. 'Wait until to-morrow comes. Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof,'

'And more than sufficient; that is my experience.'

'No, John; in that you are mistaken,' said his wife, calmly. 'You forget your experience. The evil of our to-days is always light compared with the evil of our to-morrows.'

'We've our hands full in taking care of our own children.' The words of his wife had made but a light impression on the mind of Mr. Watson.

'God never sends mouths without food to fill them,' replied Mrs. Watson.

'You don't mean to keep that child?'—Her husband turned upon her a look of astonishment.

'I don't particularly mean anything. I only said that God never sends mouths without food to fill them; and I scarcely think there will be an exception in little Ellen's case. As to where the food is to come from, or by whose hands it will reach her mouth, that is a matter beyond the stretch of my forecastings. I only know this, that it will not hurt us to be the medium for a day or two.'

'No, not for a day or two; but ——"

'Oh, John! John! When will you learn to look for the bright side of things?'

'Bright side! Humph! If you can imagine a bright side to this case, your fancy must be wonderfully fruitful. Four children make a very bedlam of the house, and tax our powers of work to the utmost. Will five reduce the evil? I trow not. Ah me! the plot is thickening.'

'Don't fret yourself for nothing, John!' Mrs. Watson was bolder than usual with her husband's gloomy state. 'We haven't taken the child, and there is no need of our doing so. She's a sweet little creature, and there is more than one childless house in our town. There's Mrs. Glenn—the thought comes to me this moment—she hasn't a chick of her own, and I know she's fond of children. My word for it, she'll take the girl, and maybe adopt her. That will be a fine thing for her, won't it?'

'Too good luck to come to our door,' was the chilling answer. 'If any one else had taken the child home, no doubt Mrs. Glenn would have picked her up at once. But don't flatter yourself with any such notion in our case."

'John Watson, you are incorrigible!' retorted his wife. 'But come, it is bed-time, and I feel worn out with my day's work.'

They went up to their bed-room, out of which opened another room, where John, the oldest, and his brother Dick, slept. Grace had a low trundle-bed in her mother's room, and the baby occupied a crib. The little stranger was sleeping beside Grace.

'Just look at her, John,' said Mrs. Watson, holding the light near to Ellen's face. 'Did you ever see anything more like a picture? Poor baby! Poor motherless one!'

The man tried not to look, but in spite of himself his eyes turned to the sleeper's face. It was, indeed, a picture of innocence and beauty, and one that touched his heart.

'Poor child!' There was so much feeling in the tones of his voice that his wife looked at him in sudden surprise. But he managed to turn his face a little away, so as to conceal from her an expression that he was not able, in a moment, to control.

With a woman's quickness of perception, Mrs. Watson saw that it would be best to let her husband alone with the tender feeling which had found a way into his heart.—So she set her lamp down, and without another word, made preparations for retiring.—But her mind was all on the alert, and it did not escape her that the eyes of her husband sought, over and over again, the lovely face of that orphan sleeper.

'Won't Grace be surprised when she wakes in the morning?' said Mrs. Watson, breaking the silence which had been maintained since the husband uttered the words, 'Poor child!'

'Better say, wont our little stranger be surprised to find herself in bedlam. I'm afraid the children will worry her to death.'

'I hope not. We must see to that.' Mrs. Watson spoke with some uneasiness of mind, for there was no calculation to be made as to the conduct of her unmanageable brood; and yet, below this feeling was one of pleasure at the evident interest a single glance at Ellen had awakened in her husband.

The sweet sleep that comes as a blessing to life's earnest toilers, soon locked their senses in oblivion; and Mrs. Watson, occasionally interrupted in her deeper slumber by the wants and cries of her babe, was not distinctly conscious of anything until fully awakened by Grace, a little after daylight on the next morning.

'Mother! mother!' The child pulled at her arm, and spoke in a low, excited whisper. 'Mother, who is it?'

'Who?' Mrs. Watson was bewildered. The scenes of the night before had faded from her memory.

'Who is it? Where did she come from? Oh, mother! isn't she sweet?'

The truth flashed back upon the mind of Mrs. Watson, who raised herself quickly, and, bending over, saw Ellen lying, still sound asleep, just as she had placed her on the night before. She put her finger to her lips in sign of silence, and then, with a serious face and tone, said:

'Poor child! Her mother died last night, and we must be very good to her.'

The countenance of Grace showed instantly an expression of tender pity.

'Who is she, mother?'

'It is little Ellen Jenkins. Don't you remember her?'

'Oh, yes. Is Mrs. Jenkins dead?'

'Poor Mrs. Jenkins is dead, and her little Ellen has no mother to love her, or care for her.'

The heart of Grace was touched.

'We'll be very good to her. She shall have my doll to play with, and I'll show her all the pretty things I've got.' And the child, after saying this, slipped away from the side of her mother, and went lightly back to the trundle bed. As she did so, the blue eyes of Ellen opened. Ere the look of surprise which she threw around her had faded, a doll was held before her by Grace, who said:

'See my doll! Don't you want to play with it?'

A smile lit up the child's face, and she reached out her hands for the toy.

Next Grace brought out her doll's dresses, and then one plaything after another, spreading them around on the bed, until Ellen sat, wondering and delighted, in the midst of a perfect storehouse of childish treasures.

'John! John!' Mrs. Watson shook her still sleeping husband.

'What is it?' he asked, when fairly awake.

'Look over on the trundle bed,' was whispered.

Mr. Watson raised up and looked, as directed. He said nothing, but it was some moments before he turned his eyes away from the pleasant scene that captivated them. It was a long time since he had known so peaceful an awakening. Usually, fretful cries, or stormy contentions among the children, greeted his ear in the morning, and thus opened the day for him in discord.

But now came a sound from the adjoining chamber. The two boys, John and Dick, were awake, and this foreboded the usual storm of angry words. Mrs. Watson went in to them, walking on tip-toe, and with her finger on her lips.

'John! Dick! H-u-s-h!' Her unusual look and manner at once arrested their attention, and produced silence. Sitting down by them, she said, in almost a whisper, and with a sober countenance:

'I've something to tell you.'

They were all attention.

'You know Mrs. Jenkins? Well, she died last night.'

The children's faces grew serious.

'And her poor little Ellen is now an orphan, with no one in the world to love her.'

John leaned over towards his mother, and looked at her with an expression of sad interest, while Dick sat very still, with his eyes cast down.

'I've something more to tell you," continued the mother, after a pause. They gazed with earnest inquiry into her face.

'Little Ellen is in our room. I brought her home with me last night after her mother died, and she slept in the bed with Grace.'

Something of pity, and something of surprise blended in the boys' faces.

'You must be very gentle, and very kind to her. Poor little thing! Isn't it sad to think that she has no mother. And now, boys, get up, and dress yourselves with as little noise as possible. Don't let her hear a loud or angry word. Think of her mother now lying dead, and I'm sure for her sake, you will be as quiet as lambs!'

No further admonition was required. The order, stillness, and good temper of the children for that morning, and, indeed, for the whole day, were memorable. If there was any strife among them, it was as to who should be kindest to the motherless little one. The breakfast hour passed to Mr. Watson something like a dream, and when he went forth for the day's business, it was in a state of mental quietude such as he had not known for years. Still, he did not clearly appreciate the meaning of all this, but worried himself at intervals through the forenoon, over the question of what they should do with little Ellen. As to adopting her into their family, that thought, if it had found an entrance into his mind, would have been instantly rejected as wholly impracticable, if not preposterous.

In his usual sober, self afflicting mood, came Mr. Watson home at dinner-time. If he thought of the poor orphan at all, it was with the feeling of one upon whom is forced an unpleasant duty. On entering the house, he was soon conscious of a strange stillness. Usually the first sound that greeted his ears was a wild racket, or the noise of strife among the children. Now, all was hushed as if death had intruded upon his dwelling. Passing to the sitting-room, Mr. Watson paused in the door, and looked on, silent and wondering, at the scene that met his eyes.—John sat reading a book, so absorbed in its contents as not to notice him. On the floor were Grace and the little stranger, happy in the midst of their playthings, while outlaw Dick, subdued by some invisible power into gentleness itself, was lying near them, stretched at full length on the carpet, and watching them with a face that beamed with interest. A few moments passed before the children noticed their father; Dick was first to observe him. Getting up quietly from the floor, he went over to where he stood, and taking hold of his hand, said:—

'Isn't she a dear little thing, father?—And she's so good."

Ellen now becoming aware of Mr. Watson's presence, turned her sweet face upon him, with a half timid, yet pleased and confiding expression that went to his heart. He moved a few steps towards her; she got up and stood looking at him; he reached out his hands—what else could he do? In the next instant she was in his arms, and her little head with its cloud of sunny curls lying against his bosom. Mr. Watson sat down with this precious burden in his arms, and as he did so, John laid aside his book, and with Dick and Grace, came gathering around him, each with a face wreathed in pleasant smiles. There was no contention among them as to position or preference, but each seemed to think most of pleasing the child.

Not a harsh word was spoken, not a discordant sound heard. When the dinner bell rang, Mr. Watson went down stairs with Ellen in his arms, and surprised his waiting wife with a new tableau in the shifting scenes of home. She smiled, and he smiled back, in spite of a half shy consciousness of being seen in a new and unusual character.

'Which is Ellen's place?' said he as he stood by the table.

'Here! let her sit by me!' cried Grace.

O, let her sit by me!' said John. 'I want her to sit by me.'

Their cheeks flushed. There were no signs of contention.

'She shall sit by me, just where you can all look at her,' and Mr. Watson decided the question by putting Ellen in a chair alongside of himself. He spoke with cheerfulness, but decision; and so the gathering cloud was dispersed.

Another mealtime passed without a single jar of discord. Wonderful phenomenon!—Surely, the angel of peace had come to this dwelling.

All that afternoon the mind of Mr. Watson was in a condition of singular tranquility. Nothing went wrong with him. It seemed as if he had entered upon a new state of life. When he took his way homeward, as the evening shadows began to fall, it was with the pleasant image of the child Ellen in his thoughts.

'Poor, motherless little one!' he said to himself. 'She is too tender and sweet, too pure and good, to be cast out upon the heartless world.'

When sympathy records itself in utterance, it naturally gains strength. It was so in this case, for as Mr. Watson communed with his thoughts, giving them the form of inwardly spoken words, he talked on after this wise:—

'There is something remarkable about the child. She seems to possess some talisman for winning hearts. Since she came into our house, the whole sphere is different.—Where all was disorder, quiet reigns; and angry contention has given place to forbearance, if not love.'

Mr. Watson was soon at his own door.—As he pressed it open, his ears were greeted by the words:

'There's father! Run, Ellen, and meet father.'

A patter of little feet, a dancing of golden curls, and flutter of white hands, and then the charmer was hugged tightly to the bosom of Mr. Watson.

'God bless the child!' was the deep, involuntary utterance of his heart, as he laid his lips fervently to hers, and kissed them.

The work was done, so far as the little orphan was concerned. All things in the ill-assorted household of the Watsons had re-adjusted themselves, taking on new aspects and relations, so that as the sun of Heaven came shining down, as it does for each and every one, it could find reflective surfaces, and threw around on all hearts its light, its warmth, its cheerfulness and joy.

'What shall we do with Ellen?' asked Mrs. Watson of her husband, on the afternoon of the next day. They were returning from the funeral of Mrs. Jenkins.

'Keep her, of course,' was his unhesitating answer.

'Our family is large, and you are already heavily burdened in its support,' suggested the wife.

'If her presence, Ruth, continue to work such miracles at home,' said Mr. Watson, 'The burden will lose more than half its pressure. She is an angel in our house—a light in the midst of our darkness.'

'It seems like a miracle, the change that has come over our children. They are like other beings.'

'Let us keep her, then, for their sakes, as well as our own,' was the honest response.

And they did keep the little orphan, who grew up in the midst of that household, a light and a blessing. It was remarkable, the power she possessed over all hearts.—Not in demonstration, or intrusion of herself in any way, but in that loving sphere that went out from her unconsciously, like the subduing fragrance of a beautiful flower.—It was good for them that her mother died. Out of sorrow and bereavement, there had come a great blessing—a blessing to the orphan, as well as a blessing to the friends who had made a place for her among their children.

A Most Eloquent Argument.

The Washington *Constitution*, of a recent date contains the argument of the Hon. Daniel W. Voorhees, of Terre Haute, Indiana, as counsel for the defendant, upon the trial of John E. Cook, indicted for treason, murder, and inciting slaves to rebel at the Harper's Ferry insurrection, delivered at Charlestown, Virginia. It occupies upwards of five columns. It is a most powerful and truly eloquent address. As a forensic effort, we have rarely read its equal in brilliant merit, and its bitter, burning denunciations of those who planned, and of those who instigated and encouraged the insurrection at Harper's Ferry, afford a wise and solemn lesson to American citizens upon patriotic duty. Mr. Voorhees has performed a most delicate, difficult, and painful task, nobly and well. He denounces the crime of which his youthful client stood confessedly guilty, and, at the same time makes a most touching and beautiful appeal for mercy for the misguided youth. No one can read his allusion to the wretched prisoner's father, mother and sister, couched, as it is, in language which must reach the stoutest heart, without feeling a deep commiseration for them, as well as for the misled and unhappy cause of their deep and bitter sorrow, and a feeling of horror at the acts of those who seduced the miserable boy to enter upon such a career of crime.

In the commencement of his address, Mr. Voorhees makes the following beautiful allusion to the relations existing between Virginia and Indiana. He says:

I come from the sunset side of your Western mountains—from beyond the river that now skirt the borders of your great State; but I come not as an alien to a foreign land, but rather as one who returns to the home of his ancestors, and to the household from which he sprang. I come not here as an enemy, but as a friend; with interests common with yourselves, hoping for your hopes, and praying that the prosperity and glory of Virginia may be perpetual. Nor do I forget that the very soil on which I live in my Western home was one owned by this venerable commonwealth as much as the soil on which I now stand. Her laws there once prevailed, and all her institutions were there established as they are here. Not only my own State of Indiana, but also four other great States in the North-West stand as enduring and lofty monuments of Virginia's magnanimity and princely liberality. Her donation to the general government made them sovereign States; and since God gave the fruitful land of Canaan to Moses and Israel, such gift of present and future empire has not been made to any people. Coming from the bosom of one of these States, can I forget the fealty and duty which I owe to the supremacy of your laws, the sacredness of your citizenship, or the sovereignty of your State? Rather may my child forget its parent, and smite, with unnatural hand, the author of its being.

In regard to those dangerous teachings which warped and misled young Cook's mind into the path of crime the eloquent Indianian spoke as follows. Read it. It contains thoughts that breathe, expressed in words that burn:

The visionary mind of the prisoner heard from a member of Congress from Massachusetts that a new constitution, a new Bible, and a new God were to be inaugurated and to possess the country. They were to be *new*, because they were to be anti-slavery, for the old Constitution, and the old Bible, and the God of our fathers, the ancient Lord God of Israel, the same yesterday, to day, and forever, were not on the side of abolitionism. Is there no mitigation for his doom in the fact that he took his life in his hand, and aimed at that which a coward taught him, but dared not himself attempt. Base, pusillanimous demagogues have led the prisoner to the bar, but while he suffers—if suffer he must—they, too, should have their recreant limbs broken on the wheel. I will not leave the soil of Virginia, I will not let this awful occasion pass into history, without giving a voice and an utterance to its true purport and meaning, without heaping upon its authors the load of execration which they are to bear henceforth and forever. Day after day and year after year, has the baleful simoon of revolution, anarchy, discord, hostility to the South and her institutions, swept over that section of the country in which the lot of the prisoner has been cast. That he has been poisoned by its breath should it cut him off from human sympathy; rather should it render every heart clement toward him. He never sought place or station, but sought merely to develop those doctrines which evil and traitorous persons had caused him to believe were true. Ministers, editors, and politicians—Beecher, Parker, Seward, Giddings, Sumner, Hale, and a host of lesser lights of each class—who in this court-room, who in this vast country, who in the wide world who shall read this trial believes them not guilty as charged in the indictment in all the counts to a deeper and far more fearful extent than John E. Cook. Midnight gloom is not more sombre in contrast with the blazing light of the meridian sun than is the guilt of such men in comparison with that which overwhelms the prisoner. They put in operation the maelstrom which has engulphed him. They started the torrent which has borne him over the precipice. They called forth from the caverns the tempest which wrecked him on a sunken reef. Before God, and in the light of Eternal Truth, the disaster at Harper's Ferry is their act, and not his. May the ghost of each victim to their doctrines of disunion and abomination sit heavy on their guilty souls! May the fate of the prisoner, whatever it may be, disturb their slumbers and paralyze their arms when they are again raised against the peace of the country and the lives of its citizens! I know by the gleam of each eye into which I look in this jury box, that if these men could change places with young Cook, you would gladly say to him, "Go erring and repentant youth, our vengeance shall fall on those who paid their money, urged on the attack and guided the blow." Let me appeal to you, gentlemen of the jury, in the name of eternal truth and everlasting right, is nothing to be forgiven to youth, to inexperience, to a gentle, kind heart, to a wayward and peculiar though not vicious character, strangely apt to be led by present influences? I have shown you what those influences, generally and specially, have been over the mind of the prisoner. I have shown you the malign influence of, his direct leader. I have shown you also, the "false and malignant counsels" in behalf of this sad enterprise, emanating from those in place, power, and position. It might have been your prodigal son borne away and seduced by such counsels, as well as my young client. Do with him as you would have your own child dealt by under like circumstances. He has been stolen from the principles of his ancestors and betrayed from the teachings of his kindred. If he was your own handsome child, repentant and confessing his wrong to his country, what would you wish a jury of strangers to do?—That do yourselves. By that rule guide your verdict; and the poor boon of mercy will not be cut off from him. He thought the country was about to be convulsed, that the slave was pining for an opportunity to rise against his master; that two-thirds of the laboring population of the country.—North and South, would flock to the standard of revolt; that a single day would bring ten, fifty—yea, a hundred thousand men—to arms in behalf of the insurrection of slaves. This is in evidence. Who are responsible for such terribly false views? and what kind of a visionary and dreamy mind is that which has so fatally entertained them? That the prisoner's mind is pliant to the impressions, whether for good or for evil, by which it is surrounded, let his first interview in his prison with Gov. Willard, in the presence of your Senator, Col. Mason, bear witness.—His error was placed before him. His wrong to his family and his country was drawn by a patriotic, and, at the same time, an affectionate hand. His natural being at once asserted its sway. The influence of good, and not of evil, once more controlled him as in the days of childhood; and now here before you he has the merit at least of a loyal citizen making all the atonement in his power for the wrong which he has committed.—That he has told strictly the truth in his statement is proven by every word of evidence in this cause.

Gentlemen, you have this case. I surrender into your hands the issue of life and death. As long as you live a more important case than this you will never be called to try. Consider it, therefore, well in all its bearings. I have tried to show you those facts which go to palliate the conduct of the prisoner. Shall I go home and say that in justice you remembered not mercy to him? Leave the door of clemency open; do not shut it by a wholesale conviction. Remember that life is an awful and a sacred thing; remember that death is terrible—terrible at any time, and in any form.

"Come to the Bridal Chamber, Death—
Come when the mother feels
For the first time her first born's breath:
Come when the blessed seals
That close the pestilence are broke,
And crowded cities wail its stroke;
Come in consumption's ghastly form,
The Earthquake's shock, the Ocean's storm;
Come when the heart beats high and warm
With banquet song, and dance, and wine,
And thou art terrible. The groan,
The knell, the pall, the bier,
And all we know, or dream, or fear
Of agony are thine."

But when to the frightful mien of the grim monster, when to the chill visage of the spirit of the glass and scythe, is added the hated and dreaded spectre of the gibbet, we turn shuddering from the accumulated horror. God spare this boy, and those who love him, from such a scene of woe.

☞ The best way to avoid being disturbed by an unpleasant thing, said Dr. Spooner, is to resolve that it shall not disturb you; but should your nerves be sensitive and unable to stand the trial, hasten by the annoyance and don't see it. A stinging remark loses all its point when we are not conscious that we are aimed at.

☞ A German and a Frenchman walking together, were attracted by a pig, whose squeak resembled "oui." "Listen," said the German, "the pig is a countryman of yours, he speaks French." The Frenchman replied, "Ah, *mon cher*, but he speaks it with a villainous German accent."

☞ "Well, farmer, you told us your place was a good place for hunting; now we have tramped it for three hours and found no game." "Just so. I calculate as a general thing, the less game there is, the more hunting you have."

☞ Out West, the law gives damages for apparent breach of promise. The bachelors, however obviate the difficulty by having their cards labelled, "Good for this call only."

☞ The man who was hemmed in by a crowd has been troubled with a stitch in his side ever since.

☞ We suppose that a man who never speaks may be said always to keep his word.